Julius Cæsar.

TRAGEDY.

As it is now ACTED

at the

Theatre Royal.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

Printed by *H. H.* Jun. for *Hen. Herringman*, and *R. Bentley* in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, and sold by *Joseph Knight* and *Francis Saunders* at the *Blew-Anchor* in the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*.

Dramatis Personæ.

		By
	Julius Cæsar	Mr. *Goodman.*
	Octavius Cæsar	Mr. *Perin.*
	Antony	Mr. *Kynaston.*
	Brutus	Mr. *Betterton.*
	Cassius	Mr. *Smith.*
	Caska	Mr. *Griffin.*
	Trebonius	Mr. *Saunders.*
Conspirators	Ligarius	Mr. *Bowman.*
	Decius Brutus	Mr. *Williams.*
	Metellus Cimber	Mr. *Montfort.*
	Cinna	Mr. *Carlile.*
	Artimedorus	Mr. *Percival.*
	Messala	Mr. *Wiltshier.*
	And	And
	Titinius	Mr. *Gillo.*
	Cinna *the Poet*	Mr. *Jevon.*
	Flavius	Mr. *Norris.*
Plebians		Mr. *Underhill.*
		Mr. *Lee.*
		Mr. *Bright.*

Women.

Calphurnia	Md. *Slingsby.*
Portia	Mrs. *Cook.*

Guards and Attendants.

Scene *ROME.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY, OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Flavius, Caska, *and certain Commoners over the Stage.*

Flavius.

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(being Mechanical) you ought not to walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your Profeſſion? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Fla. Why Sir a Carpenter.

Cas. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparel on?
You ſir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in reſpect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would ſay, a Cobler.

Cas. But what Trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may uſe with a ſafe Conſcience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad ſoles.

Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay I beſeech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Cæs. What mean'ſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by is with the Awl: I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor womens matters, but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old ſhooes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'ſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear our theirſhooes, to get my ſelf into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holyday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Cæs. Wherefore rejoyce?
What Conqueſt brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*?
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you ſtones, yea worſe than ſenſeleſs things:
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey* many time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have ſate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the Streets of *Rome*:
And when you ſaw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your beſt attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way?
That comes in Triump over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone,
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go. Good Countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt *all the Commoners.*

See

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd.
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness:
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.
Cask. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of *Lupercal.*
Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophies: I'le about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers pluck't from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him fly and ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of Men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Enter Cæsar, Antony *for the Course*, Calphurnia, Por. Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska *a Soothsayer after them* Murellus *and* Flavis.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*
Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.
Cæs. *Calphurnia.*
Calph. Here my Lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antons*, 's way.
When he doth run his Course. *Antony.*
Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.
Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antony*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,
The barren touched in this holy Chace,
Shake of their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember,
When *Cæsar* says, Do this, it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth, *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Cask. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.
Cæs. Who is in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue shriller than all the Musick
Cry, *Cæsar*: Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the *Ides* of *March.*
Cæs. What Man is that?
Bru. A Soothsayer bids you beware the *Ides* of *March.*
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cass. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar.*
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the *Ides* of *March.*

Cæs. He

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.
Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the Course?
Bru. Not I.
Cassi I pray you do.
Bru. I am not Gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
I'le leave you.
Cassi. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.
Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some soyl (perhaps) to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
(Among which *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poor *Brutus* with himself at War,
Forgets the shews of Love to other men
Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?
Bru. No *Cassius*:
For the eye sees not it self but by reflection,
By some other things.
Cassi. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,
Where manny of the best respect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoak,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Lead me *Cassius*.
That you would have me seek into my self,

For

For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know, you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection, I your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which you yet know not of
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*.
Where I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my love
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hugg them hard,
And after scandal them: or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and Shout.

Bru. What means this Shouting?
I do fear, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cassi. I, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general Good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe to such a thing, as I my self.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he,
For once upon a Raw and Gusty day,
The troubled *Tyber*, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar said to me, dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And

And bad him follow: So indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controversy.
But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear) so from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Feavour when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lips did from their Colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cryed, give me some drink *Titinius*,
As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Majestick World,
And bear the Palm alone.

Shout. *Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout?
I do believe, that these Applauses are
For some new honours, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow World,
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about,
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at some time, are Master of their Fates:
The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
But in our selves, that we are Underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?
Why should that Name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: Yours is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it it as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art asham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walks incompast but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *Rome* enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and *I*, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As eafily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, *I* am nothing jealous:
What you would work me too, *I* have some aim:
How *I* have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with love *I* might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. *I* am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar *and his Train.*

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæsar* is returning.

Cassi. As they pass by.
Pluck *Casca* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sour fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: But look you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden Train:
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret, and such fiery Eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat,

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
He is a Noble *Roman* and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no Plays.
As thou dost *Antony*: he hears no Musick;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him. *Sennit.*

Exeunt Cæsar *and his Train.*

Cask. You pull me by the Cloak, would you speak with me?

Bru. I, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cask Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then have ask'd *Casca* what hath chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cass They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and he put by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Cask. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets; and as I told you he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he

he put it by again: But to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it: And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking Breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for my own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swound?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling-sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down. if the tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre. I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask. Marry. before he fell down, when he perceived the common Herd wat glad, he refused the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut; and had I been a man of any Occupation, if *I* would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his Infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alass! good Soul, and forgave him with all their Hearts; but there's no heed to be taken of them, if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greek.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again: But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their Heads; but for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more News too: *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you sup with me to Night, *Caska?*

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive. and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettle when he went to School.

Cass. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise,
However he puts on his rardy form:
This Rudduess is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomack to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Bru. And so it is:
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so: till then, think of the World.
Exit. Brutus

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble; yet I see,
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name, wherein obscurely
Cæsars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, *and* Trebonius.

Treb. Good even, *Caska*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Caks. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd thy knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil strife in Heaven,

Or

Or elſe the World too ſawcy with the Gods
Incenſes them to ſend Deſtruction.
Treb. Why ſaw you any thing more wonderful?
Cask. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches join'd, and yet his Hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha' not ſince put up my Sword,
Againſt the Capital I met a Lyon,
Who gaiz'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without anoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gaſtly Women,
Transform'd with their fear, who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and the ſtreets
And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market-place,
Howting, and ſhreeking. When theſe Prodigies
Do ſo conjoyntly meet, let not man ſay
Theſe are thier Reaſons, they are Natural;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the Climate that they point upon.
Treb. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhon.
Clean from the purpoſe of the the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to morrow?
Cask. He doth, for he bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Treb. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This diſturbed Sky is not to walk in.
Cask. Farewell *Trebonius*. Exit *Cicero*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?
Cask. A *Roman*.
Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voice.
Cask. Your Ear is good.
Caſſius, what Night is this?
Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.
Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace ſo?
Caſſi. Thoſe that have known the Earth ſo full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus embraced, *Caska*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my Boſom to the Thunder-ſtone,
And when the croſs blue Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breaſt of Heaven, I did preſent my ſelf
Even in the aim, and very flaſh of it.

Cask.

Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Heavens?
It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty Gods by Tokens ſend
Such dreadful Heraulds to aſtoniſh us.

Caſſi. You are dull, *Caska:*
And thoſe ſparks of Life that ſhould be in a Roman,
You do want, or elſe you uſe not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old Men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why you ſhall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them Inſtruments of fear and warning,
Upon ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I, *Caska*, name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadful Night,
That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as theſe ſtrange Eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean:
Is it not, *Caſſius?*

Caſſi. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have Thewes and Limbs like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits,
Our yoke and ſufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

Cask. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by Sea and Land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy.*

Caſſi. I know where I will wear this Dagger then:
Caſſius from Bondage will deliver *Caſſius:*
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor ſtony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſs,
Nor airleſs Dungeon, nor ſtrong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But Life being weary of theſe worldly Bars,

Never

Never lacks power to diſmiſs it ſelf
If I know this, know all the World beſides.
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure, *Thunder ſtill.*
Cask. So can I:
So every Bond man in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.
Caſſi. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but Sheep:
He were no Lyon, were not *Romans* Hinds.
Thoſe that with haſt will make a mighty fire.
Begin it with weak Straws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What Rubbiſh, and what Offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar.* But oh Grief,
Where haſt thou led me? *I* (perhaps) ſpeak this
Before a willing Bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You ſpeak to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man;
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand;
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe Griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.
Caſſi. There's bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Nobleſt-minded *Romans*
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous conſequence;
And I do know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompeys* Porch; for now this fearfull Night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favours, like the Work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſt.
Caſſi. 'Tis *Cinna:* I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend, *Cinna*, where haſt you ſo?
Cinna. To find out you; Who's that, *Metellus Cymber?*
Caſſi. No it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtay'd for, *Cinna?*

Cinna.

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearful Night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but win the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompeys* Porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cinna All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.
Cassi. That done, repair to *Pompeys* Theatre.
Exit Cinna
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples Hearts,
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest *Alchymy*,
Will change to Vertue and to Worthiness.
Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him and be sure of him:

Exeunt,

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus *in his Orchard.*

Bru. What *Lucius*, ho.
I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to day--*Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when; awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be Crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatness, is, when it disjoyns
Remorse from Power: and to speak truth of *Cæsar*.
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upwards turns his Face:
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to those, and these extremities:
And there o'er think him as a Serpents Egg,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Bru. Get you to Bed again, it is not day.
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of *March*?

Luc. I know not Sir.

Bru. Look in the Calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*

Bru. The Exhalations whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

Opens the Letter and reads.

Brutus, *thou sleep'st: awake, and see thy self.*
Shall Rome, *&c. speak, strike, redress.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st: awake;*
Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall *Rome*, &c. Thus must I piece it out,
Shall *Rome*, stand under one mans awe? What *Rome*?
My Ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*,
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O *Rome*, I make the promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted Fifteen days.

Knock within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, some body knocks,
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or hideous Dream:
The *Genius*, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council and the state of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then,
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter *Lucius*.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Door,
Who desires to see you.

Bru Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, there Hats are pluckt about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in thir Cloacks,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangrous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:

For

For thou path thy Native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspitators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus *and* Trebonius.

Cass I think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this Hour, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cass. This *Decius Brutus*.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cass. This *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this *Metellus Cymber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?
Cass. Shall I intreat a word? *They whisper.*
Decius. Here lies the East; doth not the Day break here?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon gray Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Cask. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd?
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year,
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his Fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our Resolution.
Bru. No, not an Oath; if not the Face of men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuse;
If these Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every Man hence to his idle Bed?
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,

Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steal with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women. Then Countrymen,
What need we any Spur, but our own Cause,
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the Word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath
Than Honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we shall fall for it,
Swear Priests and Cowards, and Men cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
That welcome Wrongs: Unto bad Causes swear,
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not stain
The even vertue of our Enterprize, nor th' insuppressive mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that, or our Cause or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood
That every *Roman* bears, and Nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any Promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No by no means.

Metel. O let us have him! for his silver Hairs
Will purchase a good opinion:
And buy Mens Voices to commend our Deeds:
It shall be said his Judgment rul'd our Hands,
Our Youths and Wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cassi. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cassi *Decius* well urgd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*, we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our

Bru Our Course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like Wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*,
Let be Sacraficers, but no Butchers, *Caius*:
We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of Men there is no Blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s Spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas!)
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkass fit for Hounds;
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious.
Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murtherers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s Arm,
When *Cæsar*'s Head is off.

Cassi. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæsar*.

Bru. Alas! good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To Sports and Wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him, let him not dye,
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.

Cassi. The Clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cassi. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this Night:
And the Perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold from the Capitol to day.

Decius. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: For he loves to hear,

That

That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers,
But when I tell him he hates Flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his Humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſſi. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth Hour, is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear *Cæſar* hard,
Who raſed him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reaſon,
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſſi. The Morning comes upon's:
We'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe your ſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew your ſelves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen look freſh and merrily.
Let not our Looks put on our Purpoſes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do.
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Conſtancy,
And ſo good Morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus

Boy: *Lucius*, Faſt aſleep? It is no Matter.
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,
Which buſie Care draws in the Brains of Men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Bru. Portia What mean you? wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your Health, thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my Bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your Arms a-croſs:
And when I ask'd you what the Matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle Looks.
I urg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your Head,

And

And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your Foot:
Yet I inſiſted; yet you anſwer'd not;
But with an angry waſter of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you; So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that Impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which ſometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And cou'd it work ſo much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of Grief.

Bru. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick? And is it Phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the Humours
Of the dank Morning? What is *Brutus* ſick?
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickneſs? No, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick Offence within your Mind,
Which by the right and vertue of my place,
Ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charm you by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what Men to night
Have had Reſort to you; for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their Faces
Even from Darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it expected, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your ſelf,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you ſometime? Dwell I but in Suburbs
Of your good Pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy Drops
That visit my sad Heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong Proof my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary Wound
Here in the Thigh: Can I bear that with Patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble Wife. *Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.
All my Engagements I will construe to thee,
All the Characters of my sad Brows.
Leave me with haste. *Exit Portia.*

Enter *Lucius* and *Ligarius.*

Lucius: Who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that wou'd speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good Morrow from a feeble Tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick if *Brutus* have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the Name of Honour.

Bru. Such an Exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of Work,
That will make sick Men whole.

Cai. But

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.
Cai. Set on your Foot,
And with a Heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then, *Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar *in his Night-gown.*

Cæsar. Nor Heaven nor Earth,
Have been at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho: They murther *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.
Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
Ser. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæsar*, think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to day.
Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my Back: When they shall see
The Face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.
Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid Sights seen by the Watch,
A Lioness hath whelped in the Street,
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead.
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizel'd Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurtled in the Air;
Horses do neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæsar. What can be avoided
Whose End is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the World in general as to *Cæsar*.

Cup. When beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards dye many times before their Deaths,
The valiant never taste of Death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augures?

Ser. They wou'd not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the Intrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Cæsar should be a Beast without Heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear;
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We hear two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alass my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to day: call it my Fear
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy Humour I will stay at Home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus* he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretch'd mine Arms so far,
To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the Truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,

Lest

Left I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The Cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you I will let you know.
Calphurnia, here my Wife stays me at home:
She dream'd to night she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood, and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bath their Hands in it;
And these does she apply, for Warnings and Portents,
And Evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a Vision fair and fortunate.
Your Statue spouting Blood in many Pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognizance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it?

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send the word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate till another time,
When *Cæsar*'s Wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo *Cæsar* is afraid?
Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my dear, dear Love
To your Proceedings, bids me tell you this:
And Reason to my Love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.
Enter Brutus, *Ligarius*, *Metellus*, *Caska*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *and* Publius.
And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, *Caska*, *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your Enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis strucken Eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*; what *Trebonius*,
I have an hours talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar* I will; and so near will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some Wine with me.
And we (like Friends) will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemidorus

Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Cassius, *come not near* Caska, *have an eye to* Cinna, *trust not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus *loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one Mind in all these Men, and it is bent against* Cæsar: *If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.* Thy Love, *Artemidorus*.
Here will I stand till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My Heart laments, the Virtue cannot live
Out of the Teeth of Emulation
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest live,
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I prithee Boy, run to the Senate-house,

Stay

Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doeſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here agen
'Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhouldſt do there:
O Conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a Mans Mind, but a Womans Might:
How hard it it is for Woman to keep Counſel.
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhall I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to You, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if my Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæſar* doth, what Suiters preſs to him.
Hark Boy, what noiſe is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee liſten well:
I heard a buſsling Rumour like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Madam, I hear nothing

Enter the Soothſayer.

Por Come hither Fellow, which way haſt thou been?

Sooth. At mine own Houſe, good Lady.

Por. What is't a Clock?

South. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet, I go to take my Stand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capital?

Por. Thou haſt ſome Suit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?

Sooth. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.

Por. Why know'ſt thou any harms intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be.
Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you; here the ſtreet is narrow;
The throng that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suiters,

Will

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit.*

Par. I must go in. Ah me. How weak a thing
The Heart of Woman is. O *Brutus*,
The Heavens speed thee in thine Enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me; *Brutus* hath a suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint;
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, *and the* Soothsayer.

Cæs. The *Ides* of *March* are come.
Sooth. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail *Cæsar*; Read this Schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer, Read it great *Cæsar*.
Cæs. What touches our self, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cassi. What urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.
Popil. I wish your Enterprize to day may thrive.
Cassi. What Enterprize, *Popilius*?
Popil. Fare you well.
Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?
Cassi. He wish'd to day our Enterprize might thrive;
I fear our Purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cassi.

Cassi. *Caska* be sudden, for we fear Prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? if this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.
Bru. *Cassius* be constant:
Popilius Lena, speaks not of our Purposes,
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.
Cassi. *Trebonius* knows his time; *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cymber*, let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.
Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.
Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cassi. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?
Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cymber throws before thy Seat
An humble Heart.
Cæs. I must prevent thee *Cymber*:
These Couchings, and these lowly Courtsies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the Lane of Children. Be not fond
To think that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked Courtesies, and base Spaniel Fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished,
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way:
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metel. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s Ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother.
Bru. I kiss thy Hand, but not in Flattery *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedom of Repeal.
Cæs. What *Brutus*?
Cassi. Pardon *Cæsar*, *Cæsar* pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg infranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,

There

There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbred Sparks,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number, I do know but One.
That unassaylable holds on his Rank,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little a shew it, even in this:
That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Decius. Great *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Cask. Speak hands for me.

They stab Cæsar:

Cæs. *Et tu* Brute?----Then fall *Cæsar.* *Dies.*

Cin. Liberty, Freedom, Tyrany is dead,
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets.

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsars* should charge.

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your Person.
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them *Publius.*

Cassi. And leave us *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi Where is *Antony?*

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures;
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time

And

And drawing days out, that Men ſtand upon.
Caſk Why he that cuts of twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæſars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop *Romans*, ſtoop,
And let us bath our hands in *Cæſars* blood
Up to the Elbows, and beſmear our Swords:
Then walk we forth into the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our Heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.
Caſſi Stoop then, and waſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborn, and Accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport?
That now on *Pompeys* Baſis lye along,
No worthyer then the duſt?
Caſſi. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſſi. I, every Man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A Friend of *Antonys*.
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
And being proſtrate, thus he bid me ſay:
Brutus is Noble, Wiſe, Valiant, and Honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Through the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So ſays my Maſter *Antony*.
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe Valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worſe:
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,

He shall be satis'ed: and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'le fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet have I a mind
That fears him much: and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*.
Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* Dost thou lye so low?
Are all Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I my self, there is no hour so fit,
As *Cæsars* death hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hand do reek and smoak,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a Thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony!* Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody, and cruel,
As by our Hands, and this our present act.
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding Business they have done.
Our hearts you see not, they are pittiful.
And pitty to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As fire drives out fire, so pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*: for your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*:
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cassi. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why

Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I ſtrook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand,
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours? now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Casca*, yours,
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Moſt Noble, in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In terms of Friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius*, here waſt thou bay'd brave Hart
Here did'ſt thou fall, and here thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy Spoil, Crimſon'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waſt the Foreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, ſtroken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lye?

Caſſ. Mark Antony,

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius*:
The Enemies of *Cæsar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeſty.

Caſſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæsar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me Reaſons,
Why and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage Spectacle,
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You ſhall be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek,
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market place:
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Mark Antony.*

Cassi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do, Do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar* death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here take you *Cæsars* body;
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit where to I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I prophesie,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestick Fury, and fierce Civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold

Their

Their Infants quartered with the Hands of War:
All pitty chok'd with Custom of fell deeds,
And *Cæsars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines with a Monarchs Voice,
Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the Earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Burial.

Enter Octavio's *Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth
O *Cæsar!*

Ant. Thy heart is big: get thee a part and weep:
Passion I see is catching from mine Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Post back with speed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safty for *Octavius* yet,
Hye hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not back, till *I* have born this course
Into the Market place: There shall *I* try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel Issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus *and goes into the Pulpit, and* Cassius,
with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience Friends.
Cassius go you into the other street,
And the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cæsars* death.

1. *Fel.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak,

2. I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended; Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers. hear me for my cauſe, and be ſilent that you may here. Believe me for mine Honour, and have reſpect to mine Honour, that you may Believe. Cenſure me in your Wiſdom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Judge. If there be any in this Aſſembly, any dear Friend of *Cæſars*, to him I ſay, that *Brutus* love to *Cæſar*, was no leſs then his. If then that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my Anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all Slaves; then that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; But as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Tears, for his love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: And Death for his Ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, ſpeak, for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his Country? If any ſpeak, for him have I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæſar*, then you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, *with Cæſars body.*

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though, he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a Place in the Common-wealth, as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the ſame Dagger for my ſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his houſe.

2. Give him a Statue with his Acntſtors.

3. Let him be *Cæſar*.

4. *Cæſars* better parts
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. We'll bring him to his Houſe,
With Shouts and Clamours.

Bru. My Country men.

2. Peace, Silence, *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Goo

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a Man depart,
Save *I* alone till *Antony* have spoke. *Exit.*

1. Stay ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.
3. Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony* go up.
Ant. For *Brutus* sake, *I* am beholding to you.
4. What does he say of *Brutus*?
3. He says for *Brutus* sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4. 'Twere best he spake no harm of *Brutus* here?
1. This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.
3. Nay that's certain:
We are blest that *Rome* is rid of him.
2. Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*.
All. Peace ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft entered with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*
Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:
If it were so it was a grievous Fault:
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come *I* to speak in *Cæsars* Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;
But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
When that the Poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet

Yet *Brutus* says he was ambitious,
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here *I* am to speak what *I* do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And *I* must pause, till it come back to me.

1. Methinks there is much reason in his Sayings.
2. *If* thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. Has he Masters? *I* fear there will a worse come in his place.
4. Mark'd yee his words? he would not take the Crown,

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *If* it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2. Poor soul, his Eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the World: Now lies he there;
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! if *I* were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
Than I will wrong such Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons here his Testament;
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsars* wounds.
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory.
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Unto their Issue.

4. We'll hear the Will, read it *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men:
And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you should, O what will come of it?
4 Read the Will, we'll hear it *Antony*:
You shall read us the Will, *Cæsars* Will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while;
I have o're shot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers have stab'd *Cæsar*: I do fear it.
4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.
2 They were Villains, and Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæsar*.
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 Descend.
3 You shall have leave.
4 A Ring, stand Round.
1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2 Room for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay not so upon me, stand far off.
All. Stand back, room, bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle; I remember
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That Day he overcame the *Nervii*.
Look, in the place ran *Cassius* Daggar through:
See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:
Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stab'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away:
Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If *Brutus*, so unkindly knock'd or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him,
This was the most unkind cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, Mussling up his face,
Even at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue
(Which all the while ran Blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

Then I, and you, and all of us down,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd over us,
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious drops.
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himſelf, mar'd as you ſee with Traitors.
1 O pittyous ſpectacle!
2 O Noble *Cæſar*!
3 O woful day!
4 O Traitors, Villains!
1 O moſt bloody ſight!
2 We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, ſeek, burn, fire, kill, ſlay,
Let not a Traitor live.
Ant. Stay Country-men.
1 Peace there, hear Noble *Antony*
2 We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtir you up.
To ſuch a ſudden Flood of Mutiny
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not.
That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſteal away your hearts,
I am nor Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plane blunt man:
That love my Friend, and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth.
Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir mens Bloods. I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that which you your ſelves do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſar* wounds; poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome*, to riſe and Mutiny.
All. We'll Mutiny.
1 We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.
3 Away then come, ſeek the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet hear me Countrymen yet hear me ſpeak.
All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*. moſt noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what;
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?

Alas

Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of
All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and here the Will.
Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſars* Seal.
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy five *Drachmaes.*
2. *Ple.* Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, we'll revenge his death.
3. *Ple.* O Royal *Cæſar.*
Ant. Hear me with Patience.
All. Peace ho.
Ant. Moreover he has left you all his Walks,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever: common Pleaſures
To walk abroad and Recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*: when comes ſuch another?
1. *Ple.* Never, never, come, away, away:
We'll burn this Body in the Holy Place,
And with the Brands fire the Traytors houſes.
Take up the Body.
2. Go fetch fire.
3. Pluck down Benches.
4. Pluck down Forms, Windows any thing. *Exeunt.*
Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight to viſit him.
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of *Rome.*
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the People,
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the* Poet, *and after him the* Plebians.

Cinna I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar.*
And things unluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married Man, or a Batchellor?
2. Answer every man directly.
1. I, and briefly.
4. I, and wisely.
3. I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a Batchellor? Then to answer every Man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to say, they are Fools that marry: you'll bear me a Bang for that I fear: proceed directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsar's* Funeral.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a Friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling; briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Your Name Sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my Name is *Cinna.*

1. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, *I* am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. *It* is no matter, his Name's *Cinna,* pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3. Tear him, tear him; Come, Brands ho, Firebrands; to *Brutus,* to *Cassius,* burn all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Casca's,* some to *Ligarius.* Away go. *Exeunt all the* Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. These Men then shall dye, their Names are prick'd.

Octa. Your Brother too must dye; consent you *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down *Antony.*

Lep. Upon Condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sister's Son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a Spot *I* damn him,
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall *I* find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. *Exit* Lepid.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Octa. So you thought him,
And took his Voice who ſhould be prick'd to dye
In our black Sentence and Proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, *I* have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe Honours on this Man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous Loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the Aſs bears Gold,
To groan and ſweat under the Buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off
(Like to the empty Aſs) to ſhake his Ears,
And graze in Common.

Octa. You may do your Will:
But he's a tryed, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horſe *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that *I* teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporal motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſt, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objems, Arts and Imitations.
Which out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other Men,
Begin his Faſhion. Do not take of him,
But as a Property: and now *Octavius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying Powers: We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, our means ſtretch'd,
And let us preſently go ſit in Council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwer'd.

Octa. Let us do ſo: for we are at the Stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,

And

And ſome that ſmile have in their Hearts I fear
Millions of miſchiefs. *Exeunt.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, *and the Army.* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meets them.*

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the Word ho, and ſtand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius,* is *Caſſius* near?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Maſter.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Maſter *Pindarus*
In his own Change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh,
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius,*
How he receiv'd you: let me be reſolv'd.

Lucil. With Courteſie, and with Reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar Inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucillius,*
When Love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Creſts, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial. Come his Army on?

Lucil. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The great part, the Horſe in general
Are come with *Caſſius.*

Enter Caſſius *and his Powers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Caſſi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, ſpeak the Word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.

Caſſi.

Caſſi. Moſt Noble Brother you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me you Gods, wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a Brother?
Caſſi. Brutus, this ſober Form of yours hides Wrongs,
And when you do them——
Bru. Caſſius, be content:
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Caſſi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this Ground.
Bru. Lucillus, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſſi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the Man was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a Caſe.
Caſſi. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice Offence ſhould bear his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To ſell, and mart your Offices for Gold,
To Undeſervers.
Caſſi. I an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The Name of *Caſſius* honours this Corruption,
And Chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his Head.
Caſſi. Chaſtiſement?
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Juſtice ſake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did ſtab,
And not for Juſtice? What? Shall one of Us,
That ſtruck the fore-moſt man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers; ſhall we now,
Contaminate our Fingers with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large Honours,
For ſo much Traſh as may be graſped thus?

I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a *Roman.*
Cassi. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than your self
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go too, you are not *Cassius.*
Cassi. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cassi. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self;
Have mind upon your Health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru Away slight man.
Cassi. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a Mad-man stares?
Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud Heart break.
Go shew your Slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. must I bow?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are Waspish.
Cassi. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For my own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble-men,
Cassi. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus:*
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better
Did I say Better?
Bru If you did, I care not.
Cassi. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, Peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassi. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cassi. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your Life you durst not.
Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no Terror *Caſſius* in your Threats:
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain Sums of Gold, which you deny'd me.
For I can raiſe no Money by vile means:
By Heavens, I had rather Coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachmaes, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peaſants, their vile Traſh
By any Indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo Covetous,
To lock ſuch Raſcal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods, with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to pieces.

Caſſi. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſſi I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my Anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A Friend ſhould bear his Infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Caſſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your Faults.

Caſſi. A Friendly Eye could never ſee ſuch Faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Caſ. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Cheek'd like a bond-man, all his Faults obſerv'd,
Set in a Note Book, learn'd, and con'd by roat
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirits from my Eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breaſt; Within, a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto*'s Mine, richer than Gold:
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; For I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſe, thou lovedſt him better
Than ever thou loveſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have Scope:
Do what you will, Diſhonour ſhall be Humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, ſhews a haſty Spark,
And ſtrait is cold again.
Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief and Blood ill temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill temper'd too:
Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your Hand.
Bru. And my Heart too.
Caſ. O *Brutus*.
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſ. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh Humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes *Caſſius*, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet Let me go in to ſee the Generals;
There is ſome Grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but Death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſ. How now? what's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love and be Friends, as two ſuch Men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more years I'm ſure than ye.
Caſ. Ha, ha, how vilely doth this *Cynick* Rhyme?
Bru Get you hence Sirrah: Saucy Fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him *Brutus*, 'tis his Faſhion;
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the Wars do with theſe Jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away, be gone. *Exit* Poet.
Bru. Lucillius and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us.
Bru. Lucius, a Bowl of Wine.

Caſ.

Caſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many Griefs.
Caſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental Evils.
Bru. No man bears Sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſ. Ha! *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what Sickneſs?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence.
And grief, that young *Octavio* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: For with her death
That Tidings came. With this ſhe fell diſtracted,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy *with Wine and Tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her; Give me a Bowl of Wine,
In this I bury all Unkindneſs *Caſſius*. *drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine o're-ſwell the Cup?
I cannot drink to much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius *and* Meſſella.

Bru. Come in *Titinius*;
Welcome good *Meſſala*;
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper here,
And call in queſtion our Neceſſities.
Caſſi Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending there Expedition toward *Philippi*
Meſſ. My ſelf have Letters of the ſalf ſame Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition?
Meſſ. That by Proſcription, and bills of Outlary
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*.
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy Senators that dy'd
By there Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Caſſi. *Cicero* one?

Maſſa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of Proſcription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Meſſala.*

Meſſa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Meſſala.*

Meſſa That methinks is ſtrange.

Bru. Why ask you?
Hear you ought of her in yours?

Meſſa. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a *Roman* tell me true.

Meſſa. Then like a *Roman.* bear the Truth I tell,
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru. Why, Farewell *Portia.* We muſt dye *Meſſala:*
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I have the Patience to endure it now.

Meſſa. Even ſo great Men great Loſſes ſhould endure.

Caſſi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to your Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philipi* preſently

Caſſi. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reaſon?

Caſſi. This it is,
'Tis better that the Enemy ſeek us,
So ſhall he waſte his Means weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelf offence, whilſt we lying ſtill
Are full to Reſt, Defence, and Nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good Reaſons muſt of force give place to better:
The Poeple 'twixt *Philippi* and this Ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſhed, new added, and encourag'd:
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe People at our back.

Caſſi. Hear me good Brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our Cauſe is ripe,
The Enemy encreaſeth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men.
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;

Omitted,

Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the Current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our Ventures.

Caſſi. Then with your Will, go on; we'll along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little Reſt:
There is no more to ſay.

Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my Gown Farewel good *Meſſala*,
Good night *Titius*; Noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.

Caſſi. O my dear Brother;
This was an ill beginning of the Night;
Never come ſuch Diviſion 'tween our Souls:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caſſi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel every one. *Exeunt.*

Give me the Gown. Where is thy Inſtrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent

Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily;
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o're-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my Men,
I'll have them ſleep on Cuſhions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio*?

Enter Varrus *and* Claudio

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you Sirs, lye in my Tent and ſleep.
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my Brother *Caſſius*

Var. So

Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your Pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo: Lye down good Sirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I ſought for ſo:
I but it in the Pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy Inſtrument a Strain or two.
Luc. I my Lord, can't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.
Bru. I ſhould not urge thy Duty paſt thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Muſick and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O murd'rous Slumber!
Layeſt thou thy leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thy Muſick? Gentle Knave good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'ſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night:
Let me ſee, let me ſee; is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where *I* left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakneſs in mine Eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing;
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angel, or ſome Devil,
That makeſt my Blood cold, and my Hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy evil Spirit *Brutus.*
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?
Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*
Bru. Well: then *I* ſhall ſee thee again?
Ghoſt. I, at *Philippi.*
Bru. Why I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken Heart thou vaniſheſt.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Claudio*, Sirs, Awake:
Claudio.

Luc. The Strings, my Lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks he ſtill is at his Inſtrument.
Lucius, awak.

Luc. My Lord.

Bru. Did'ſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cryed'ſt out.

Luc My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou didſt; Didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again *Lucius*: Sirra, *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out Sirs, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. I, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*:
Bid him put on his Powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions:
It proves not ſo: their Battles are at hand,
They mean to warm us at *Philippi* here:
Anſwering before we do demand of them.

Ant. But, I am in their Boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To viſit other places, and come down
With fearful Bravery: thinking by this Face
To faſten in our Thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew.

There-

Their bloody Sign of Battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your Battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep you the left.
Ant. Why do you croſs me in this Exigent?
Octa. I do not croſs you, but I will do ſo. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their Army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have Parly.
Caſ. Stand faſt *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.
Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of Battle?
Ant. No *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their Charge.
Make forth the Generals would have ſome Words.
Octa. Stir not until the Signal.
Bru. Words before blows; is it ſo Countrymen?
Octa Not that we love Words better, as you do.
Bru. Good Words is better than bad Strokes, *Octavius*
Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words,
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, long live, Hail *Cæſar*.
Caſ. Antony.
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honnyleſs.
Ant. Not Stingleſs too.
Bru. O yes, and Soundleſs too.
For you have ſtolen their Buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wiſely Threat before you Sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the Sides of *Cæſar*;
You ſhew'd your Teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caska*, like a Cur, behind
Strook *Cæſar* on the Neck. O you Flatterers!
Caſſi Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thank your ſelf;
This Tongue had not offered ſo to Day,
If *Caſſius* might have Rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the Cauſe; if Arguing makes us Swear,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops:
Look I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators;
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never till *Cæſar*'s Three and Thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another *Cæſar*

Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors
Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope.
I was not born to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O If thou wat'st the Noblest of the Strain,
Yound-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cass. A peevish School boy, worthless of such Honour,
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller,
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Oct. Come *Antony*, away:
Defiance Traytors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not when you have stomacks.
Exit Octavius, Antony, *and Army.*
Cass. Why now blow wind, swell Billow,
And swim Bark:
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hark, a word with you.
Lucillius *and* Messala *stand forth.*
Luc. My Lord.
Cass. *Messala.*
Messa. What says my General?
Cass. *Messala*, this is my Birth day, as this very day
Was *Cassius* Born. Give me thy hand *Messala.*
Be thou my witness that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battle all our Liberties,
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis* on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,
Who to *Peilippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly o're our heads, and downward look on us:
As we where sickly prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.
Messa. Believe not so.
Cass. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils, very Constantly.
Bru. Even so *Lucillius.*

Caſſ. Now moſt Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to Age:
But ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill incert
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this Battail, than is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himſelf, I know not how:
But I do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of Life, arming my ſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high Powers,
That govern us below.

Caſſ. Then, if we loſe this Battail,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the Streets of *Rome*.

Bru. No *Caſſius*, no:
Think not, thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day,
Muſt end that work, the *Ides* of *March* begun
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take:
For ever, and for ever, farewel *Caſſius*,
If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Caſſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel *Brutus*.
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed,
If not 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this days buſineſs, e're it come:
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end.
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Meſſala*, ride and give theſe bills
Unto the Legions on the other ſide.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them ſet on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavio*'s wing:
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrowe. *Exeunt*
Ride, ride *Meſſala*, let them all come down.

Alarums.

Alarums. *Enter* Caſſius *and* Titinius

Caſ. O look *Titinius*, look the Villains fly:
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titi. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagarly; his Souldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whil'ſt we by *Antony* are all incloſ'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore Noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.
Caſ. This Hill is far enough. Look, look *Titinius*,
Are not thoſe my Tents whare I perceive the Fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou loveſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy Spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may reſt aſſur'd
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. *Exit.*
Caſ. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the Field.
This day I breathed firſt, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run his compaſs. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. Above. O my Lord.
Caſ. What news?
Pin. *Titinius* is incloſed round about.
With horſmen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him.
Now *Titinius*, now ſome light: O! now he lights too,
He's tane. *Shout.*
And hark, they ſhout for joy.
Caſ. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither ſirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy Life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now keep thine Oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword——*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my will, O *Cassius*!
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius *and* Messala

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leave him?

Titin. All disconsolate.
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that he?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun,
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to night;
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of *Rome* is set: Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dews, and Dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed;
O hateful Error, Melancholies Child:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seek him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
into his ears, I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steell, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit.

Tit. Hye you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while:
Why didſt thou ſend me forth brave *Caſſius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wrath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Did'ſt thou not hear their ſhowts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*:
By your leave Gods; This is a *Roman* part,
Come *Caſſius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. *Dies*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucillus.

Bru. Where, where *Meſſala* doth his body lye?
Meſſa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is upwards.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. O *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius*.
Look where he have not Crown'd dead *Caſſius*.
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the *Romans*, fare thee well:
It is impoſſible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius* I ſhall find time.
Come therefore, and *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His Funerls ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
And come young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavio* ſet our Battails on,
'Tis three a Clock, and *Romans* yet e're night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond Fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet hold up your heads.
Cato. What Baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the Field.

I am

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.
A Foe of Tyrants, and my Countries Friend,
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho. *Exeunt*

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus* I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dyeſt as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd being *Cato*'s Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not: A Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2. *Sold.* Room ho: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the General,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame.
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſs in worth; keep this man ſafe,
Give him all kindneſs. I had rather have
Such men my Friends than Enemies. Go on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent:
How every thing is chanc'd.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Streto, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. Come poor remains of friends, reſt on this Rock.
Clit. Statillius, ſhew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord,
He came not back; he is or tane, or ſlain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hark thee, *Clitus*.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Bru.

Bru. Peace then, no words.
Clit. I'le rather kill my ſelf.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius.*
Dard. Shall I do ſuch a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius,*
Dard. O *Clitus.*
Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus:* look he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius,* liſt a word.
Volum. What ſays my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius:*
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeveral times by Night: at *Sardis,* once;
And this laſt Night, here in *Philippi* Fields:
I know my hour is come.
Volum. Not ſo my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius:*
Thou ſee'ſt the World, *Volumnius,* how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in our ſelves,
Then tarry till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius,*
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to School together.
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Swords Hilt, whileſt I run on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord
Alarum ſtill.
Cli. Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep:
Farewel to thee, to *Strato,* Countrymen:
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day
More then *Octavius.* and *Mark Antony,*
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his lives Hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.
Alarum. *Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*
Cli. Fly my Lord, fly.
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prethee *Strato,* ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect:

thy

Thy life hath had some smatch of Honour in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*.

Stra. Give me thy hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Bru. Farewel good *Strato*.—*Cæsar*, now be still,
I Kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, *and the Army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Massa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no man else hath Honour by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank the *Brutus*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. I if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. Octavius then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest *Roman* of them all:
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæsar*;
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentel, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the World, This was a man!

Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him
With all Respect, and Rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably.
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.